

THE MYSTERY

By Berton Braley

You buy 'em cheap and you buy
'em dear,

Silk or cotton, ornate or plain,
With handles simple or handles
queer,

With colors fast or hues that
stain;

And then, in carriage and 'bus
and train,

Hotel, restaurant, picture show,
You leave 'em behind, and
breathe this strain:

"Where do the lost umbrellas
go?"

In all your travels you never hear
Of anyone FINDING the
things again,

Yet every minute of all the year
Umbrella sellers are on the
gain;

Whenever the drops bedew the
pane

A new umbrella we buy, for lo!
Our search for the old one is in
vain—

Where do the lost umbrellas go?

It's true some lucky folk appear
With strange umbrellas that
they have ta'en,
But they are too few to make it
clear

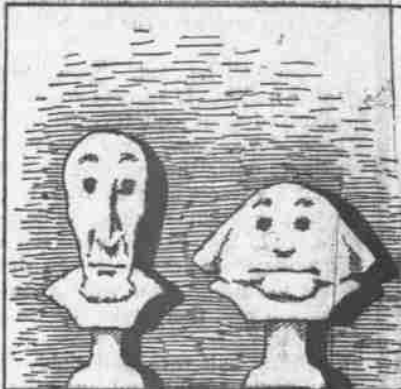
Where the "great majority"
have lain,

For the poor cry out and the
rich complain

In damp discomfort and clammy
woe,

And they all exclaim as it
starts to rain:

"Where do the lost umbrellas
go?"



TWO BUSTS ON THE MANTEL
WERE CAREFULLY SET,
RARE TRIUMPHS OF ARTCRAFT,
ALREADY YET.

ENVOY

Prince, I'm tied with a ball and
chain

In a padded cell that my keep-
ers know,

And I babble forever this wild re-
frain:

"Where do the lost umbrellas
go?"

Friend—Why did you dis-
charge your errand boy? Butch-
er—Customers complained he
was too slow. Said he took so
long that when they ordered veal
it arrived as beef.

A machine has been invented
that can make rag hearthrugs at
the rate of one a minute.